

# FORD TIMES

DECEMBER 1974



**The Snowman Cometh**

# Ford Elite for 1975: The tradition of Thunderbird in a mid-size car.

This unique mid-size combines mid-size economy with classic styling and luxury in the Thunderbird tradition.

And in the Thunderbird tradition of value, Elite

gives you: vinyl roof, protective

bodyside molding, standard

driving convenience like a

351 CID V-8, power steering,

power front disc brakes,

SelectShift transmission,

and steel-belted radial

tires, even an electric

clock. And Thunderbird-inspired options such as a power-operated glass Moonroof. A luxury upholstered split bench seat and 22 oz. shag carpeting.

Elite is a combination of luxury and economy designed for the times, too. Ford Elite's 26-1/2 gallon gas tank gives you a cruising range you can rely on.

Personal luxury mid-size for 1975. Built by the

same company that built

Thunderbird. Built for

the way you drive

today.



1975 Elite shown with optional interior decor group, Moonroof, dual accent bodystripe, deep dish aluminum wheels and WSW tires.





# FORD TIMES

The Ford Owner's Magazine

December, 1974, Vol. 67, No. 12

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**COVER**—One of the childhood joys of winter is building a snowman. Zibby Oneal recalls this frosty diversion in "It Packs!" on page 35. Painting by Robert Boston.

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THE POPULAR IMAGE of the Hawaiian archipelago is a dazzled impression of the Honolulu-Waikiki span of Oahu, a kaleidoscope of *hula* dancing, flower *leis*, *Aloha Oe*, wall-to-wall resorts and surfers on crowded beaches.

Oahu, "the Gathering Place," a small volcanic upthrust of only 608 square miles, is all of this and more—interesting but hardly *Hawaii nei*, the Polynesians' "Hawaii, this place." Oahu contains well over 80 percent of the islands' overall 800,000 population and the largest concentration of tourist facilities. Honolulu Harbor is prime port-of-call for cruise ships and mainland-to-Hawaii flights. The state's political, economic, military, educational and cultural center, the capital isle is a key Pacific destination dating back to whalers and traders of the late 18th century.

Is it any wonder that the other Hawaii, gentle islands still only lightly populated and moving at a leisurely pace in a largely agricultural economy, get less than their share of attention? For first time visitors it is an education to discover the contrast between the Waikiki strip and the classic sugar hamlets of the north coast of the Big Island, Hawaii, little changed since missionary days; the exquisite, isolated beaches of the Hana Ranch country of Maui; the dramatic, uninhabited Na Pali Coast of Kauai, dropping thousands of feet into the sea.

It takes a visit or two to learn that

the best way to know this drift of islands of infinite variation is a combination of travel: air, sea, foot trail and highway. The major islands have abundant car-rental services with most prices comparable to those on the mainland. Roads come near to circling islands on the coasts, and either cross islands through high mountain passes or penetrate deep into wild interiors. Nothing is far away, even on Hawaii, youngest and southernmost island in the group, almost twice as large as all the others combined—but big only in Hawaiian terms (4,038 square miles).

A fascinating aspect of the other Hawaii is its well-preserved historic landmarks. There are immense fishponds created of coral and basalt rock so intricately laid that tides sweep in choice, small fish to be held in captivity and fattened for the feasts of the *alii*; ancient *heiaus*, religious temples in pyramidal platforms larger than football fields; sanctuaries for those who had broken *kapus* (taboos); prehistoric fishing shrines thought still potent with *mana*, or friendly spirits; petroglyphs, still little understood, covering acres of smooth *pahoehoe* lava.

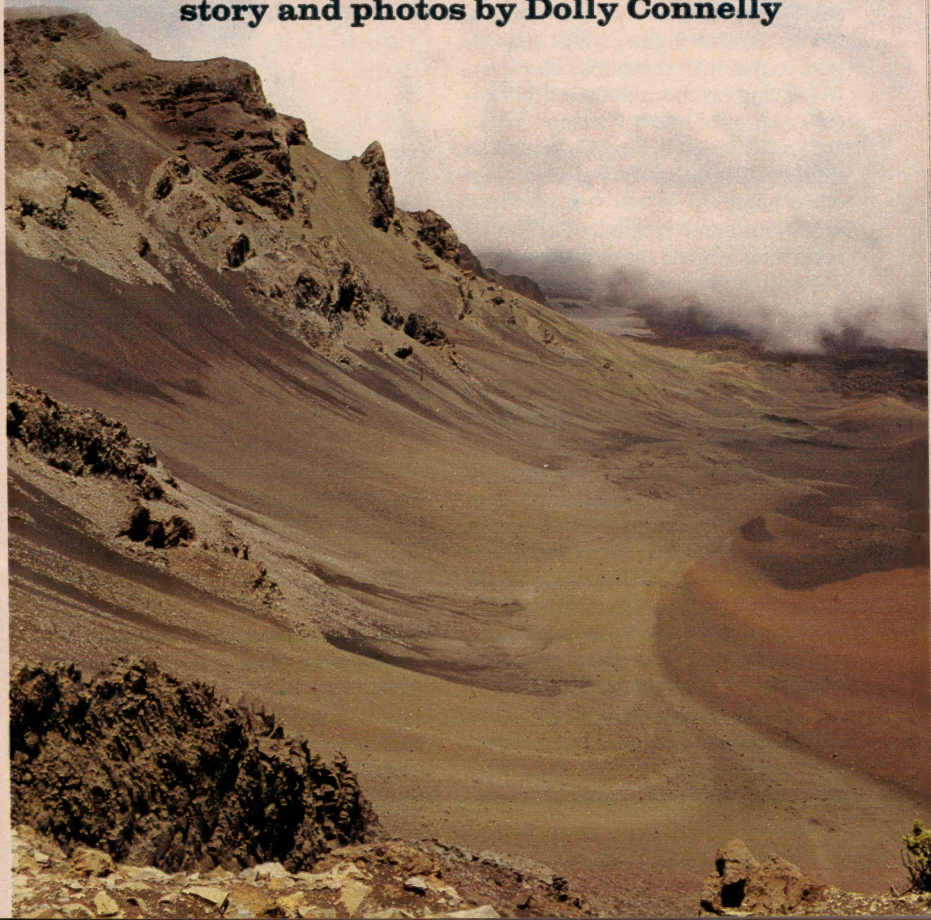
A lifetime could be spent on any of the islands absorbing its physical beauty, the drama of its past, and the human climate of *aioha*, a milieu in which open friendliness and generosity prevail. Let's zero in on the Big Island with information for a

*Maui's cloud-shrouded Mt. Haleakala*



# **There's Another Hawaii**

**story and photos by Dolly Connelly**





Hawaiian *holoholo* (holiday) compatible with this quiet other Hawaii.

Once it was difficult to get from island to island. In the early 19th century, mission families traveled in small, overloaded brigs that required two to three weeks for the 200-mile sail from Hilo to Honolulu. Now each of the major islands has at least one airport, the Big Island four. In minutes, Royal Hawaiian Air Service or Aloha Airlines, on frequent, regular flights, whisk passengers to the most remote locales.

Driving on the islands is a nostalgic experience in car pleasure. There are no foreign customs to make things difficult, but lyrical Hawaiian place names — often with no more variation than a single letter—can be confusing. First requirement is a good highway map, obtained with multiple other information by writing Hawaii Visitors Bureau.

Byways often are curtained with huge monkeypod trees or flanked by glistening sugar cane fields. Points of interest are indicated on road maps, and are marked with red and yellow warrior signs with the figure facing the attraction. He does not point, which would be thought discourteous. You follow his nose. And nowhere is the view marred by billboards.

The State Department of Land and Natural Resources, State Parks, 465 South King Street, Honolulu 96813, handles camping permits and reservations required for the many low-cost cabins it maintains. The



*Secluded Hapuna Beach is swimmer's paradise*

Hawaiian Trail & Mountain Club, Box 2238, Honolulu 96804, and Hawaii Chapter, Sierra Club, of Bishop Museum, Box 6037, Honolulu 96818, will help plan hikes and longer backpacks. Better still, clubs schedule camping trips which anyone may join.

Hiking is an ancient Polynesian sport. Around 2,000 years ago foot trails linked villages, followed island coastlines to exquisite beaches and natural rock-girdled fish ponds, climbed into interior mountains and ascended soaring cliffs. Many of these historic trails still can be found. When they crossed a lava



flow, jagged and brittle for bare feet, wave-smoothed stepping stones were carried miles into the mountains from island beaches and placed one stride apart. On smooth *pahoehoe*, ancient trails are indicated by cairns, or sometimes are bordered with white coral and shells. Trails to the summits of Hawaii's Mauna Kea and Mauna Loa were used by runners who made swift trips to the snow lines to bring back gourds of snow for special feasts.

### Trail hikes best

The reason for hiking is that trails lead to areas that can be seen only on a personal basis. No tour bus reaches these destinations. On Hawaii, the trailhead of the Anaeohoomalu Trail is within 100 yards of end-of-all-roads at Puako Beach on the northwest coast, in the Kawaihae country. Even a short stroll reveals countless petroglyphs—stick-like figures of animals, fish, turtles, birds, canoes and geometric patterns. Some students believe they're the graffiti of ancient Polynesia.

Anaeohoomalu Bay, palm-fringed and beautiful, has been surveyed recently by the Bishop Museum for valuable historic sites that will be preserved. In the immediate area are burial caves, fish ponds, remains of a fishing village and a trail of the ancients. Nearby, only a short distance from Puako Beach, is the Big Island's finest public beach—Hapuna Beach State Park, blessed with a wide fine-grained, white sand beach

and mild surf. Hawaii, a young island, has few beaches safe from hazardous surf and rip tides. Hapuna is one of them, a gem of a beach with a splendid campground, pavilion, changing rooms, cooking grills and picnic area. Well removed from any center of population, Hapuna never knows a crowd. Nearby are six unfurnished A-frame cottages, open and airy, each for four persons, which may be reserved through the State Department of Land and Natural Resources.

On the north coast of the Big Island, a few miles east of the Kohala sugar plantation, the coast road comes to an abrupt end on the edge of breath-taking, waterfall-ribboned cliffs dropping precipitately into Pololu Valley. From this point to trail terminus at Waipio Valley, a distance of about 40 miles, an often-wet mule trail is the only means of travel.

For approval to enter this *pali*-hung wonder world of ferns, ginger blossoms, gardenias, native birds, seascapes and incredible waterfalls, apply to the Kohala Corporation, headquartered in nearby Hawi. It will help you with itinerary and grant permission to stay at the two cabin complexes en route: Honokane Camp at the halfway point, and Awini near the farthest point. The trails end at Waipio Valley, which is accessible by car only from Honokaa near the end of Highway 24, on the east side of this immense break in the mountains. If you do not wish







to pack in, at least take the 15-minute walk down to Pololu Beach at the start of this wild trek.

The "world's weirdest walk" is the self-guiding Halemaumau Trail of Hawaii's Volcanoes National Park along the devastated fire pit inhabited by ill-tempered Pele, the volcano goddess.

There are 130 miles of trails within the Big Island's national park, among the most interesting the Crater Rim, a full day's fairly level walk of 11½ miles. The trail more or less parallels Crater Rim Drive from Kilauea Visitor Center, national park headquarters, around and into summit caldera, across volcanic rift areas, through dense tree fern jungles and over what must be the bleakest terrain on the face of earth, skeleton forests rising from black cinder drifts many feet deep. Much can be seen from a car, but a more intimate picture of volcanic devastation and forest re-growth is gained on foot. In the last two decades, Kilauea often has erupted in spectacular fireworks along its rift zones and in the rise and fall of the floor of Halemaumau firepit. Danger areas are well-marked and closed-off—even those areas where the only hazard is scorched boot soles.

Trails reach the summits of 13,796-foot Mauna Kea, highest point in Hawaii, and Mauna Loa, 13,680 feet, both long, slow climbs up volcanic ash slopes. The hiker is astounded to note altitude figures

*Hilo's Rainbow Falls*

at state park cabins and rest houses en route. Shortness of breath, painfully slow motion on trembly legs, and the magnificent views indicate that you are reaching tremendous heights on these shield-type dome volcanoes. The two mountains are believed to be the largest on earth, rising more than 30,000 feet from the ocean floor.

### **Southernmost U.S.**

Splendid walks also radiate out of the beach parks of the island's southern coast in the span from Waialeale Visitor Center to South Point (Ka Lae), southernmost tip of the United States. Gorgeous destinations are black sand beaches, the Queen's Bath, cliffs of Poliokeawe Pali, green sand olivine beaches, fishing shrines, caves and remnants of the oldest known Hawaiian settlement, dated 750 A.D.

The best time to hike in the islands is between fall and spring. Back loads are light as there's no need for climbing gear or much weather protection other than waterproof ponchos and sturdy plastic sheets for ground cover and "instant" tents. Most trail cabins are fully equipped with bunks, blankets, safe water, cook stoves, firewood and kerosene lamps.

Arrangements can be made to depart the mainland on one Pacific Far East Line Four-Islands Cruise, then return with another for a highly personal comprehension of the splendor of the other Hawaii. □



# Colorado's Hidden County

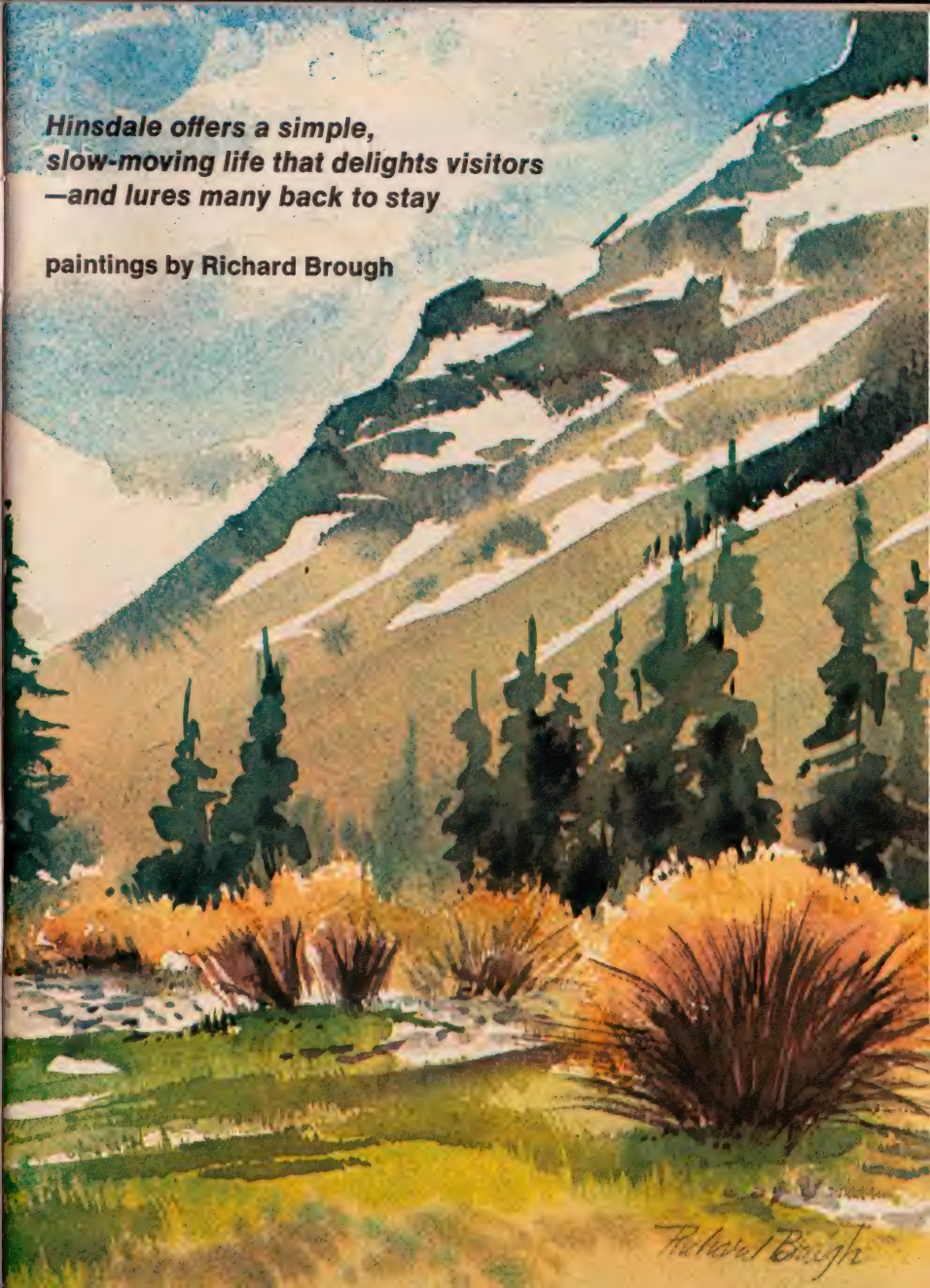
by John Dunning





**Hinsdale offers a simple,  
slow-moving life that delights visitors  
—and lures many back to stay**

**paintings by Richard Brough**



COLORADO HIGHWAY 149 isn't a one-way street, but to the people who go in and don't come back, it might as well be. It isn't an unexplained mystery: There is no giant monster at the end of the road, no raging whirlpool waiting to swallow unsuspecting tourists. Highway 149 isn't the West's answer to the Bermuda triangle. People don't disappear; you can still go in and find them. You find them in Hinsdale County, living a simple, earthy existence that went out with Burma Shave jingles and G. I. Joe.

Hinsdale County is a bowl of Colorado mountains some 250 miles southwest of Denver: a last frontier, as you suspected with a glance at the roadmap. It is as large as our smallest state—a Rhode Island of the mountains with one town, one paved road, 200 people and 500 miles of fishing streams. Highway 149 isn't a main artery of traffic: The road in is the road out, 50 miles either way. Sure, there's a dirt road that trickles through the mountains toward New Mexico, but it looks more formidable on a roadmap than it is. So you don't just stumble into Hinsdale County. You have to go looking for it.

What you find is a land almost engulfed by four giant national forests, 648,291 acres of protected natural resources. Only a master-stroke of bureaucracy can ruin Hinsdale County, for more than 95 percent is wild public domain. Just a small corridor of land along the road and

a few scattered parcels in the mountains are privately owned and vulnerable to the spoilers. And residents of Lake City, Hinsdale's only town, already are deep in controversy over proposals for tough zoning to "protect the corridor."

The people of Hinsdale have been pushed aside and almost forgotten by modern America. "It's like living inside a Currier and Ives Christmas card," Lydia Maurer, a newcomer, said recently. Still in use are old county monuments that grew out of the gold boom of the 1870s. The original courthouse, where Alfred E. Packer was convicted of murder and cannibalism more than 90 years ago, is going strong, though the floor groans with age and the judge must sit behind a bare table. The people take particular delight in the Packer story, embellishing the fact with fable until now the most popular version has Judge M. B. Gerry sentencing Packer not for the savagery of his act, but for eating five of the seven Democrats in the heavily Republican county.

The two-room schoolhouse, built before the turn of the century, is still used by the 20-odd kids of grammar school age, and occasionally in winter a student arrives by snowmobile. For high school students there is busing, born of geographical, not social, necessity. There is no high school in Hinsdale County.

There is no bank, either. There is no hospital and there would be no doctor to practice in it anyway.





There are no lawyers or pharmacists and, strangely for a rural county, no farms. Nothing is produced here. There are no jobs; making a living for the newcomer is tough. The only crime is an occasional act of vandalism or petty robbery, so the county sheriff doubles as the town marshal. A car radio can occasionally pick up snatches of music and talk from KREX in Grand Junction, but otherwise there is no radio reception. Some townspeople boast that there is no welfare, but in 1973 one person went on the official dole, and there is some talk that Hinsdale people are getting welfare through

the office in adjacent Gunnison County.

Hinsdale survives on an increasing flow of tourism, which can crowd the streets of Lake City on the right summer weekend. At least a dozen resorts and dude ranches are open during the spring, summer and fall, and some of them would open in winter if there was any business. Rustic cabins can be had for \$8 per night, but the rate can jump to \$35 at one of the plush resorts. Jeeps for exploring the high country cost something under \$30 per day. Most of the tourists are repeat visitors—fishermen and hunters who



have been coming up from Texas for more years than they like to count.

In the spring they come for Hinsdale's trout; in the fall for deer or elk. Once a year the townspeople offer a "Hunter's Ball," a free feed for the hunters who keep coming back. Last year it was barbecued elk. A rifle was auctioned off, and there was a "little gambling for charity." "We don't want to get too much into print about the 'gambling,'" says a Chamber of Commerce member. "It's kinda left up to our local sheriff how much he wants to enforce. If it's for charity, he tends to look the other way."

Charity, in this case, is a 50-50 split between the Chamber and the volunteer fire department. Almost everyone in town is a member of one, the other, or both, or is involved in some other civic activity. Through community action, boosters were installed on the mountain tops, and Lake City now has television. A poma ski lift was installed and is maintained by contributed labor. Residents can ski all winter for \$25 per family; for strangers it's \$3 per day or \$2 per half day. But first they may have to seek out someone with a key; the lift is open only when in use.

The town is split into two distinct factions — the older people whose roots run deep and the newcomers who came along that one-way road after a brief love affair with Hinsdale's mountains. The older people are hardy stock, throwbacks to another era, who need little companionship and no entertainment. "I wouldn't mind being snowed in all winter," says Mrs. Lowell Swanson, wife of the county assessor. "I do all

our sewing and we both read a lot. We have music. I would like to have 100 pounds of flour on hand, and some sugar and dried foods. We'd get along fine."

Mrs. Swanson runs Swanson House, a restaurant-turned-curio

shop, where it's Christmas every day. Even in the middle of July, browsers walk into "Jingle Bells" and fa-la-la-la-la; a Christmas tree in the center of the store is lighted year-round and tinsel and tree ornaments are always on sale, prominently displayed. It is a tradition begun by Mrs. Swanson in 1961, when a Labor Day storm dumped more than 14 inches of snow in the valley and stranded out-of-towners and weekenders in Lake City. "I told 'em not to try to go home," Mrs. Swanson recalls. "I said come back here at seven o'clock tomorrow





morning and we'll decorate a tree. Then I sent my daughter and her boyfriend out to chop a tree, and we carted down the decorations from the attic."

There was no power or heat, but the gathering of strangers arrived on schedule and had Christmas more than three months early. Candles were used for light and the people sang and played carols while they decorated the tree. For Mrs. Swanson, life has been Christmas ever since.

Her husband, a heavy-set man with thick white hair, works out of a small office on the ground floor of the courthouse. Like most Lake City residents, Swanson is heavily involved in local politics, and like other older residents, he conducts a subtle rivalry with some of the newcomers, including Bill Hall, current president of the Chamber of Commerce and owner of The Sportsman, the town's dispenser of fishing paraphernalia.

Hall may be a "tourist" to Swanson, but he knows the county and its fishing. He first saw Hinsdale in 1948, when he came up as a teenager from his native Dallas for summer camp. He's been coming back ever since, and two years ago he made the trip for keeps.



Hall had promised himself a chance at the new life for his 40th birthday. He had worked into a lucrative position with a Dallas maker of soft drink dispensers. "I found that the more successful I became the less time I had with my family to do the things I enjoy doing," says Hall. "We decided that when I was 40, I should make some decision about continuing on in the life I was in or doing something else. We knew

this is where we wanted to be. I'm still on the board of directors, but every time I go back I'm glad I made the change."

Hall's neighbors, Bob and Lydia Maurer, also are newcomers. Both are artists. Maurer gave up a \$12,000-a-year job with the National Center for Atmospheric Research to open an art gallery in Lake City. "We don't care about becoming wealthy," Lydia says. "If we can make \$3,000 a year here, we'll do okay."

Therein lies the danger of driving through Hinsdale County. Its primitive charm becomes an insidious lure, playing havoc on responsible thinking. The county calls a man back to a more basic existence. Visit here at your own risk. Just be warned that, for some, Route 149 is a one-way street. □



*Mustang II Three-Door 2 + 2*



# Mustang II:

## A Touch of the Classic

by Michael E. Maattala



*Luxury Interior Group,  
optional console*



*T-Bird owners found traces of their classics—and much more—in Mustang II*

**M**USTANG II PUTS the joy back in driving.

When the Classic Thunderbird Club International (CTCI) held its 1974 convention in Dearborn, Michigan, early last summer, 20 members were given a chance to test-drive the 1975 Mustang II.

Afterward, club president Fordham L. Johnson summed up the group's feelings: "Mustang II has the spirit, fun and flair of the original Thunderbird concept, but has the design that is compatible with today's environment. Like the 1955-57 Thunderbird, around which CTCI is founded, it has the characteristics

that make an automobile a pleasure to look at, and fun to drive."

As the club's name indicates, the Thunderbirds of the mid-50s became classic cars. Mustang II, introduced in September 1973, started a class of its own with a design that combines sporty flair and luxury, excellent fuel economy and nimbleness. The car doubled the previous year's Mustang sales and received *Motor Trend* magazine's "Car of the Year" award.

Just how do these two cars match up? The 1975 Mustang II is shorter and lighter than the classic Thunderbird, yet front seat dimensions



are comparable. Mustang II has rear seating, Thunderbird didn't. Fuel economy and performance levels are close, although Mustang II has emission control equipment to meet the 1975 Federal standards.

Mustang II also features major technical improvements, and increased comfort and luxury appointments not available in the 1950s.

As for prices, a 1956 Thunderbird equipped with 13 popular op-



tions cost approximately \$3800 at introduction (excluding title, destination and delivery charges, state and local taxes). In today's dollars the car would cost about \$4800. The manufacturer's suggested retail

price for a 1975 Mustang II Ghia with similar equipment and many other standard items not even available in 1956, such as solid-state ignition and steel-belted radial-ply tires, is \$4589 (excluding title, destination and delivery charges, state and local taxes and dealer prep).

Where Mustang II really shines is in the area of "fits and finishes." Design and production engineers worked closely to help ensure that every part would fit and look right. The resulting car has a look of finely detailed quality—a look of European craftsmanship.

The new Mustang II comes in the same four models that made it the success car of 1974: Two-Door Hardtop, Three-Door 2+2, Ghia and Mach 1. And appearance changes and new options make this year's car even more exciting.

Mustang II adds V-8 power as an option; the peppy 302 CID engine teams with SelectShift transmission, power steering and power brakes. The V-8 has a displacement more than double that of the standard 2.3-liter four-cylinder engine and 77 percent larger than the 2.8-liter V-6, which was the top engine for 1974 and is available in 1975.

Solid-state ignition and steel-belted radial-ply tires are standard on all models this year. Appearance changes include a new grille; Ghia also features a new opera window

*Ghia's Silver Luxury Group  
adds richness inside and out*





and new half-vinyl roof. New options include cast spoke aluminum wheels, a 3.5-gallon extended range fuel tank (standard with V-8) and a Silver Luxury Group (Ghia only).

Rack and pinion steering and a 96.2-inch wheelbase give Mustang II exceptional maneuverability. Front disc brakes are standard; so is a four-speed, floor-mounted transmission. To help soak up road shock, engineers provided precision-designed rubber isolated front and rear suspensions and an isolated rubber-mounted front sub-frame.

Standard exterior features include color-keyed urethane-coated bumpers, European-style rear taillights with large amber turn signals, new one-piece fiberglass reinforced front end, wheel-lip moldings and recessed exterior door handles.

Inside, Mustang II has all-vinyl front bucket seats, plush color-keyed carpeting on the floor and lower door panels (except with white trim), full instrumentation and burled walnut woodtone applique on the instrument panel.

Additional items on the Mustang 2+2 are fold-down rear seat and styled steel wheels. The Mach 1 also comes with 2.8-liter V-6 engine, rear tape and fender decals, and black paint/bodyside molding.

Ghia provides that extra level of luxury. Standard items are vinyl roof (full or half), opera windows, dual pin stripes, color-keyed remote control mirrors, deluxe spoke-style wheel covers and Ghia ornamentation. In-

terior features include deluxe seat trim—Westminster cloth or super-soft vinyl, deluxe door and rear interior quarter trim, digital clock, color-keyed seat belts, and 22-ounce color-keyed shag carpeting (10½-ounce gray carpeting in the luggage compartment).

A Silver Luxury Group is offered as an option for the Ghia. This includes silver exterior paint, silver padded half-vinyl roof, bodyside paint stripes, unique Mustang II hood ornament, and a cranberry interior with crushed velour seat trim and full console. A new optional silver-tinted power glass moonroof is available with this group.

Buyers can select from a long list of options. Functional items include power steering, power brakes, Select-Shift and a competition suspension consisting of heavy duty springs, adjustable shock absorbers and rear stabilizer bar. Buyers may also add SelectAire Conditioning, electric rear window defroster and manual sunroof.

Other options include vinyl roof, glamour paint, AM/FM Stereo Radio and Luxury Interior Group.

Mustang II models shown on pages 14-18 have one or more of the following options: Bumper guards, trim rings, rocker panel molding, Luxury Interior Group, SelectShift, console, forged aluminum wheels, Protection Group, Silver Luxury Group, glass moonroof, 302 CID V-8 engine, cast spoke aluminum wheels. ☐

# Christmas Dinner



## with George Washington

Sample today's version of this Mt. Vernon feast  
at The Presidents Restaurant in Chicago

by Nancy Kennedy

photographs by Norris MacNamara

**G**EORGE WASHINGTON once wrote that Mount Vernon was a well-stocked tavern. Accounts from visitors bear out that warm hospitality

and lavish spreads of food were a customary greeting for anyone arriving at Washington's door.

The ultimate in his opulent enter-



# Menu

<u>An Onion Soup Call'd the King's Soup</u>		
Oysters on the Half Shell	Broiled Salt Roe Herring	
Boiled Rockfish	<u>Roast Beef and Yorkshire Pudding</u>	
Mutton Chops	Roast Suckling Pig	
Roast Turkey with Chestnut Stuffing		
Round of Cold Boiled Beef with Horse-radish Sauce		
<u>Cold Baked Virginia Ham</u>	Lima Beans	
<u>Baked Acorn Squash</u>		
<u>Baked Celery with Slivered Almonds</u>	Hominy Pudding	
Candied Sweet Potatoes	Cantaloupe Pickle	
<u>Spiced Peaches in Brandy</u>	Spiced Cranberries	
Mincemeat Pie	Apple Pie	Cherry Pie
Chess Tarts	Blancmange	Plums in Wine Jelly
Snowballs	Indian Pudding	Great Cake
Ice Cream	<u>Plum Pudding</u>	<u>Fruits</u> <u>Nuts</u>
Raisins	Port	Madeira

tainment schedule was Christmas. This was a special time of year for the President and first lady as they had been married on Twelfth Night. Even when the General was commanding troops in the Revolution, Martha was given a military escort to his army camp to share Christmas dinner with him.

The comparison of the full Washington menu above and those underlined items served at today's dinner delineates the changes which have taken place in the American custom of feasting over the past two centuries. The original menu served by the Washingtons was the highlight of a year of lavish entertaining. It reflected the prosperous and abundant country life of a Southern

plantation in the 18th century. The underlined items are those dishes selected from the original Mount Vernon feast which will be served during the Christmas holidays this year at The Presidents Restaurant in Chicago.

Dinner at Mount Vernon was served at three in the afternoon—and precisely at three—for the General often told guests, "Gentlemen . . . I have a cook who never asks whether company has come, but whether the hour has come."

Three hearty courses were the menu for the bountiful Christmas feast. For the first "cover" there was a magnificent array of meats and fish on beautiful platters imported from China, symmetrically arranged

around an elegant silver epergne. A lavish assortment of vegetables and "corner dishes" of sauces, relishes and preserves rounded out the course.

After the guests had leisurely sampled these dishes, which had been in preparation for days in the bustling kitchens, the first course was removed with the tablecloth and then a second equally hearty dinner was spread out on a second linen cloth.

Hours later when this course was taken away, the cloth was removed and the last course was set out on the gleaming mahogany table. There were crystal decanters of madeira and port, a profusion of nuts, dried fruits, ice cream, mincemeat pie, Indian pudding and a princely plum pudding topped with a rich cognac-flavored hard sauce.

Then the toasts began. A Pennsylvania senator, quoted in the *American Heritage Cookbook*, describes a dinner he attended with the Washingtons in 1789. "The President, filling a glass of wine with great formality, drank to the health of every individual name-by-name round the table. Everybody imitated him, charged glasses, and such a buzz of 'health, sir,' and 'health, madam,' and 'thank you, sir,' and 'thank you, madam,' never have I heard before. Indeed, I had liked to have been thrown out in a hurry; but I got a little wine in my glass, and passed the ceremony."

Inspired by this joyous spirit of holiday feasting, The Presidents

Restaurant in the First National Bank Plaza in downtown Chicago decided to offer guests a streamlined version of the Mount Vernon Christmas dinner using original Washington household recipes. The dinner, prepared by famed chef Victor Broceaux, was an instant success and this year it will be offered from December 5 through Twelfth Night in January.

But, wherever or however you celebrate the holidays remember to drink a hearty "health, sir and madam" to those wonderful trenchermen of the 18th century.

**PLUM PUDDING WITH HARD SAUCE**  
Combine 3 cups fine, day-old bread crumbs with  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon of salt,  $\frac{3}{4}$  teaspoon ground cinnamon,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon ground nutmeg,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon ground cloves and  $\frac{2}{3}$  cup firmly packed brown sugar. Mix well, then stir in  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup scalded milk and let mixture cool. Mix in 6 well-beaten eggs and  $\frac{1}{3}$  pound ground suet. To this add:  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups raisins,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup currants,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup candied orange peel, chopped,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup chopped dates,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup tart chopped apples and  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup rum, brandy or cider. Work mixture with hands to distribute fruits evenly. Place in a greased 2-quart mold. Seal mold securely with lid or foil and stand on a rack in the bottom of a kettle. Add enough boiling water to cover the mold halfway. Cover kettle tightly and steam over low heat for 5-6 hours. Add more boiling water



when necessary. Serve pudding hot, topped with hard sauce. Makes 12 portions.

#### HARD SAUCE

Cream  $\frac{1}{3}$  cup of butter until soft. Add 1 cup confectioners' sugar a little at a time and flavor with either 1 teaspoon of vanilla or 2 tablespoons of cognac or rum, stirring until smooth.

#### BAKED HAM WITH SAUCE

Slowly simmer an 8-10 pound ham with the bone in, covered with water, for  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours. Remove, drain and wipe dry. Preheat oven to  $450^{\circ}$ . Coat ham first with 1 cup

prepared mustard and then 1 pound brown sugar. Stick 30-40 whole cloves around the ham and place in a flameproof casserole or roaster. Bake at  $450^{\circ}$ , uncovered, for 30 minutes or until a golden brown. Remove ham to a heated serving platter and keep warm. Place baking pan over medium heat, add: 2 cups hard cider,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoons cornstarch dissolved in 2 tablespoons cold water, and 1 tablespoon red currant jelly. Stir quickly to dissolve cornstarch and to thicken slightly. Remove sauce and strain through a fine sieve. Serve sauce and brandied peaches with the ham. ☐



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Welcome to Chas. Dickens' London



# A Tale of One City

San Francisco's Dickens Fair is a bit of jolly old England



*by Irene Taylor*

*photos by Mike LeRoy*

**G**ENERALLY, ONLY VERY SMALL children are able to slip into that enchanted world inhabited by Santa, Tiny Tim and a host of other fictional characters who are part and parcel of the Christmas season.

Now, thanks to a unique event in San Francisco, on the five



weekends between Thanksgiving and New Year's Day, the entire family can return to the delightful 19th century London of Charles Dickens with all its Christmas merriment. The 10-day affair is The Great Dickens Christmas Fair & Pickwick Comic Annual. And everyone is invited to attend in costume and join in the frivolity of an old English Christmas street fair.

Established as an annual event four years ago in what is called Fezziwig's Warehouse, a vast barn of a building next to the San Francisco Produce Market, the fair is unusual in that visitors don't just look on, but join in the fun. They take a nostalgic trip back into Christmas past.

"It's really participation theatre," say Ron and Phyllis Patterson, whose Theme Events, Ltd., puts on the fair each year. Every weekend 10,000 natives and visiting tourists jam the Christmas storybook setting.

From the moment a visitor passes through the entrance, sampling the hot chestnuts roasting nearby, there is the exhilaration of make-believe. The interior of the warehouse has been transformed into a cobblestone street in old London, with nearly 100 craft shops and stalls, two dozen caterers and a bridge lined with boutiques and five theaters—all recreated in Victorian style. Everything has the dimness, the highlighted illumination of the famous "Phiz" etchings which graced the pages of early Dickens novels.

Wandering through the throng are Pickwick, old Fezziwig, Fagin, the Artful Dodger and Charles Dickens himself. In the crowd of chimneysweeps, flower girls, conjurers, jugglers, clowns, bobbies, nannies and working "stiffs," it is impossible to tell fair-goers from fair-givers. Everyone seems in character. It isn't unusual to hear cockney and middle-class English accents on all sides. Even Dickens can be seen acknowledging an introduction to a small boy with Victorian formality.

The mouth-watering aromas of beef and pork pies, onion soup, fresh-baked breads, hot mulled wine, spiced cider and countless other holiday foods float from tiny stalls. Store windows are stacked with beautiful and bountiful pastries. Gingerbread squares stand, cut, on plates. Oatmeal holiday cookies, the size of dinner plates, are sold by a winsome miss from a wheelbarrow.

Some of California's finest craftsmen, working in Victorian motif, sell hand-made decorations, toys, crockery, jewelry, leather goods and clothing from cozy shops along the lanes. On



*Shops and shoppers  
are decked out  
in early 19th century  
English costumes at the fair*



Broadstairs Bridge, which arches over the lanes in imitation of its London inspiration, cling still other boutiques and shops offering rare old books and art prints, apple dolls, antiques, candles, ladies' furbelows and ribbons.

You can even have your fortune told over tea in the Pickwick Tea Room, and dance to English country music in Mr. Fezziwig's Dance Party Hall—a traditional “hall” complete with massive fireplace, yule tree and balconies decked with holiday greenery. Fair characters set the pace and help everyone through the old dances.

Throughout the fair there is continuous entertainment. The Victoria and Albert and the Pennygaff theaters offer pantomimes and melodramas as well as music acts. Miss Worthington's Lecture Hall for Workingmen presents a series of lecturers who involve the audience in tea-making, party games, elocution lessons and living tableaux. Charles Dickens and Charlotte Bronte are on hand to explain and read from their works.

All of this Victorian fun is included in the admission price. Only the food and fare from the shops are extra.

A holiday event for the entire family, the Dickens Fair is open from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. on Saturday and 11 a.m. to 7 p.m. on Sunday, from November 30 through December 29, in Fezziwig's Warehouse, Jerrold and Rankin Streets. From San Francisco take the Bayshore Freeway (U.S. 101) to the Army Street Exit and follow the signs to free parking. □

## **Who Sends You Ford Times?**

THE NAME OF the dealer who makes your FORD TIMES possible is featured on the back cover of every issue.

Sending you FORD TIMES each month is his way of contributing to your reading and travel pleasure. If you enjoy the magazine, we hope you will let him know.

... and perhaps come and see him when you are in the market for a new car ... or require service for your present one.

# WABASSO

## Long-Eared Ghost of the North Woods

by Lew Dietz

paintings by George Gaadt

THE SNOWSHOE RABBIT, the fleet, long-eared ghost of the wintry North Woods, is the very personification of snow country.

The Indians called him Wabasso, and he is a central figure in many of their myths and legends. Officially, he's the varying hare, *Lepus americanus*, but to the woodsman this big cousin of the cottontail and second-cousin of the jack is the snowshoe rabbit, or simply, Snowshoe.

And as the saying goes, he comes by his name honestly. His feet are twice the size of a jack rabbit's and serve admirably to get him about in winter. His wide-splayed toes "feather out" with the approach of the snow season into broad light pads which carry him swiftly over the drifts.

And swift he need be for Wabasso has more enemies in the land of sombre conifers than he can thump a foot at. He is in fact the bread basket of the North Woods. Were it not for this white courser the winter cupboards for the carnivores, both footed and winged, that must survive in this ruthless economy of selection would be scanty indeed.

Wabasso is a sporty fellow. He refuses to go to ground when pressed by hounds, or anything else on earth. He'll zigzag, backtrack and hurdle brooks in 10-yard bounds. Greased-lightning speed is his first line of defense. This is instinctive and no demonstration of natural cunning. Nature has a way of compensating those creatures unendowed with congenital wit. In addition to break-away speed, Wabasso is equipped with two coats, one to match the earth when it is brown, the other white for the snow season.

It was Wabasso's magical talent for changing his coat to confound his enemies which awed the Indian. Like the mythical Indian hero, Gooscap, Wabasso was viewed as a trickster-transformer.

He confounded me often enough in the years I ran snowshoe rabbits with beagle hounds. He'd be ghosting along ahead of the tonguing dogs only to stop and become in an instant a part of the snowy landscape. He would literally disappear, then reappear as he bounded into a snow-bowed balsam thicket.

The Indians were under the mis-





apprehension that Wabasso wore one coat over the other and that he could change by will or whim. Actually, the Redman was more right than the Maine woodsman who, until recent years, supposed that Snowshoe's hair changed color with the season. The snowshoe's change is in truth a molting of one coat and a growing out of the other. The rhythm is triggered not by background color, as is the case with the chameleon, but by temperature.

The observant woodsman long has had good reason to suspect that Snowshoe has no conscious control over his transformation. When snow comes late, he's seen Wabasso caught with his white coat on. "He sticks out," as one hunter I know put it, "like a snow goose in a cellar hole." Contrariwise, in seasons when the snow comes early he may be caught in summer brown.

### **Major food source**

Wabasso counts among his enemies the fox, wolf, coyote, bobcat, mink, weasel, fisher, owl and hawk. Since he's the major food for many of the fur-bearers, Snowshoe in all logic should be considered by the trapper as his best friend. The trapper, however, is inclined to see Snowshoe as a prime nuisance because of his careless habit of springing traps set for marketable pelts.

In a good rabbit year, Maine trappers report that three-fourths of their sets may be sprung in a single day. Snowshoe may end up as rab-

bit stew, not a fair shake in the view of the trapper who sees a limit to the amount of rabbit stew one can consume. I've heard Maine trappers say that after living on rabbit a good part of the winter they would prefer to boil and eat a moccasin.

On the other hand, I've known hunters willing to swap two partridges for one rabbit, a bargain if there ever was one. What you do with a snowshoe rabbit is brown the pieces in pork fat, add onions, carrots and a little wine or water, then let it simmer all day on the back of the stove. The gravy is delicious.

As for Wabasso, he's not a bit fussy about what he eats. He's fond of clover, grasses, hardwood tips and buds, but he'll get by on bark and even the resinous spruce and balsam tips, in which event he is indeed unacceptable as human food.

In the final analysis, Snowshoe survives by sheer fecundity. The doe bears three or more litters in the course of the summer with four the average litter. The nest is usually under a brush pile or in a tree cavity. The young are born open-eyed and full-furred and require little post-natal care. In a matter of days they are off and running.

Rabbit hunters speak of "trough" and "wave" years and they will argue endlessly over the length and nature of these population cycles. However, hunters and mammalogists agree that the snowshoe rabbit dies off in discernible cycles of seven to 10 years. So excessive is









the snowshoe's fecundity that depredation alone is not enough to save the species from eating itself out of house and home. When rabbits proliferate to a point beyond what a range can support, parasites and sickness decimate the species to manageable size.

### Periscopic vision

The universal order we call nature is based on delicate balances and a system of compensations. For example, the owl, who has no enemies, need not worry about protecting his rear. He is endowed with binocular vision. His eyes are set well forward, the field of each eye overlapping the other so that he may pinpoint his prey ahead or below. Wabasso, on the other hand, has enemies all about him and anything that moves portends danger. Snowshoe is equipped with periscopic vision. His eyes are set at opposite sides of his head and so designed that he can see all about him. His eyes are sensitive to the slightest change or motion in the panoramic field. His vision is particularly acute at dawn and dusk.

And Wabasso has a wondrous set of ears to match his eyes. I sat one night at the edge of an abandoned lumber camp clearing. The moon was full and bright. Suddenly, motion caught my eye. A snowshoe rabbit was cavorting crazily in the opening. As I watched, he was joined by another and then another. Soon, a dozen or more snowshoes were leaping, dancing and dashing

about in the maddest sort of frolic.

I'd heard that snowshoes have a sense of play and that, like other creatures of the forest, they are sometimes pixedated by the magic of the full moon upon the snow. Now I could believe it.

As I sat there, enthralled, a great-horned owl slid by on velvet wings. I heard no sound though he passed so close I felt the breeze from his wings. Before the owl emerged from the shadows, the dancing rabbits were gone. I could only guess that rabbit ears had heard the sound of wings beyond the range of my hearing and the rabbits would live to dance another day.

Frequently, a plentiful supply of snowshoes is responsible for increasing the range of predators. Certainly there is a causal relationship between the healthy status of the snowshoe population and the incursion into Maine of coyotes in recent years. And the fisher, a rabbit-eater that was extremely rare in Maine a decade ago, is now common.

Since every fang and talon in the woods pursues him, Wabasso's end inevitably is violent. Nature is not so much concerned with the welfare of a single rabbit as with the good of her total kingdom. Like the early Indian, the wilderness man is inclined to view Wabasso as a friend. In the North Woods on a wintry day there may be only Snowshoe and the cheerful chickadee to relieve the loneliness of the white, blue-shadowed silence. □

# **"It Packs!"**

*Remember the cry that brought joy to your heart  
and Frosty the Snowman to your front yard?*



*by Zibby Oneal*

*paintings by Robert Boston*



AS I REMEMBER, even in a winter of many snowfalls, there were few *perfect* days for building a snowman. Not much point trying if the snow wasn't right, although, of course, sometimes we tried. No epicure ever pondered a vintage more deliberately than we, estimating the

Perfect snow is heavy and wet. It clings to the branches of trees. It flattens bushes under its weight. Most important, from a builder's point of view, it adheres to itself like crazy. That fluffy, diamond-dust snow may be fine for looking at or walking through, but to a snowman



snow's condition. Hopefully snow fell on Friday night. Hopefully Saturday morning it packed. Up and down the block right after breakfast connoisseurs in red wool mittens bent to test the new fallen crop.

We gathered a handful, patted and shaped it. Then, "It packs!" someone would cry. He proved it by glancing a snowball off the lightpost. If the snow was absolutely perfect, some of it stuck.

builder it's worthless. It won't pack.

The object was always to build the biggest snowman. Later, when we were older, we sometimes gave up size for cleverness. But by then, for us, snowman building was a decadent art. In our first enthusiastic stage we were primitives. We wanted three huge balls, one on top of the other, and arms that stuck. It was an engineering problem mainly. Aesthetics were incidental.

The biggest kids made the biggest—the bottom—ball. Starting at one corner of the yard with a small ball, they began to roll, losing momentum with every turn. The snow rolled up like a carpet, exposing grass, pale green and flaccid as bamboo shoots. The kids crawled after the ball,

rested, monolithic, lightly embellished with twigs and wisps of grass. Meanwhile we prepared the torso, a smaller ball but plenty big. The method was the same. The crucial thing was to end up near the first ball so that the torso would not have to be carried far.



grunting and shoving. It grew. By the time it had crossed the sidewalk and reached the lawn extension it was massive. Its rollers, puffing and proud, declared that this was where the snowman would stand. They tried to make their decision sound arbitrary. Nobody was fooled. We all knew they couldn't push any farther.

So, when an equilibrium of force and mass was reached, the ball

With the craft of ancient pyramid builders we heaved the torso into place. We glued it steady by packing the junction with snow. Then we rolled the head.

The arms came last and were difficult. Often we argued about whether they should stick straight out or hang down. There was always some realist who said, "I never saw a person who had arms sticking straight out." To which we replied, "Well,



did you ever see one with a ball for a head?" In the end, of course, the arms were attached in whatever way they'd stick. Sticking on arms defied gravity.

At about this point we'd take a look down the street, sizing up the competition. We couldn't actually change the girth of our snowman much but if ours was noticeably smaller we could decide to go for second place — fanciest. We could become couturiers.

Snowmen can wear scarves, sport buttons. They can wear headgear of any kind that can be purloined. Their eyes and nose leave worlds of invention open to the builder. Coal lumps and carrots are fine, but what about a couple of large rhinestone-studded buttons so that your man's eyes sparkle and flash in the moonlight? What about teeth? Raisins thumb-wedged into a curving grin? What about ears?

Sadly our snowmen never had tall silk hats. Christmas cards notwithstanding, silk hats are hard to come by. We knew only one man in town who owned a silk hat and he was busy being mayor in it. We used an old Stetson.

Sometimes we used a babushka and then we had a snow woman. For years we fought down the urge to give her a bosom. Our mothers would have been scandalized. We usually gave her a broom. Once we tied a Win With Wilkie banner across her chest so she'd look like Miss America. I suppose nowadays

kids would never give a snow woman a broom to hold. But back then our consciousness weren't raised. We didn't even call her a woman. We'd say, "Look at our snowman," and never wince.

Some people iced their snowmen. We didn't. There were two schools of thought. The icers claimed it made snowmen last better, but we weren't convinced. Our judgement was further weighted by the thought of carrying several sloshing buckets of water from the house to do the icing. By the time you had a snowman built you were already pretty chilly.

Finally, plump and embellished, there he stood, our snowman. We loved him. Sometimes he survived for weeks. But sooner or later came a thaw. We'd watch our creation diminish before our eyes, slumping sideways, dirty gray. An arm fell off. Birds ate the raisins. One afternoon we'd bring his hat in to dry, accepting the inevitable. And then we'd watch as day-by-day the mighty man trickled away into the gutter.

It was somewhat sad certainly, but not devastating. Snowmen were like ice cream cones. From neither one did we expect more than transitory bliss. And, besides, we were always waiting for the next snowfall. As sure as a thaw, came another snow, and as sure as the snow, came the snow testers. It was just a matter of waiting. It might be a week or two, but sooner or later the snow would pack again. □

# A Bell for America



*It was broken, forgotten, even put up for sale. Yet today it is one of the best-known symbols of the Revolution*

*by Richard M. Ketchum*

*paintings by John Arvan*



AN AGED BELLMAN they said had been waiting patiently in the steeple since early morning. All day he remained, almost certainly contemplating the combination of

temporal and spiritual words graven on the bell that hung above him: "PROCLAIM LIBERTY THROUGHOUT ALL THE LAND UNTO ALL THE INHABITANTS THEREOF . . ." It was a fair day, so the old man's vigil was not unpleasant—merely tedious. Far

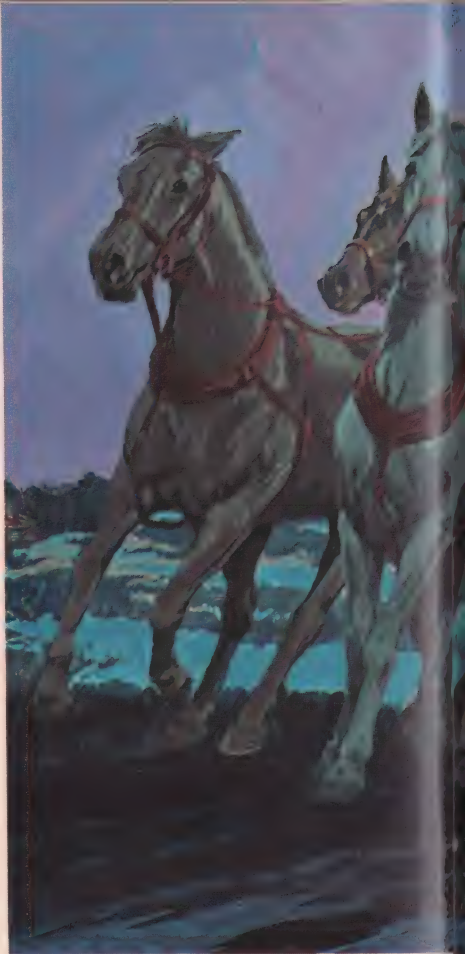


below, he could see the heads and foreshortened figures of a small crowd of people who had collected outside the front entrance of the State House, but he kept his eyes on the boy who was to give him the signal.

### **Rings for liberty**

At last there was a stir amongst the crowd and the boy ran out a few steps to where he could be clearly seen, tilted his head back, peered up at the steeple, and clapped his hands in excitement while he shouted, "Ring! Ring!" The old man turned to his task, and as he pulled on the rope the great bronze bell began swinging back and forth, finding voice as it gathered momentum, tolling out a message that was to sweep across the face of the earth and change the course of human events forever hence.

Nearly 50 years before—in 1729—members of the Assembly of the Province of Pennsylvania had concluded that they needed a location for their sessions that would be more permanent than the private dwellings they rented from year to year. They chose a site on the outskirts of Philadelphia—uneven land across the road from a peach orchard and covered with whortleberry bushes. Work on the structure was slow going. A master carpenter named Edmund Woolley supervised the construction, and not until 1748 did the president and his council begin meeting in the large room on the



second floor. Four years later the bell tower was completed, and at last the day came for the bell to be hoisted into position.

The bell was a large one for that day and place, weighing more than a ton and having a lip circumference of 12 feet. Presumably the Assembly



had decided that no local craftsmen were capable of casting such a bell, for they ordered it from the Whitechapel Foundry of London. On a late summer day in 1752 the bell was hauled up to the steeple and, as an eyewitness reported, to the dismay of the bystanders it cracked "by

a stroke of the clapper without any other violence, as it was hung up to try the sound." Rather than send it back to England, two local foundrymen — John Pass and John Stow — were commissioned to recast the bell. Knowing that the proper alloy for a good bell contains about 77



percent copper and 23 percent tin, they reasoned that the London maker had probably put in too much tin, because a higher proportion of that metal—while improving a bell's resonance and tone—tends to make it brittle. And brittle this one seemed to be.

After making a mold, they melted the original bell down, added copper to the molten metal at a ratio of one and a half ounces to the pound, and recast it. The result, however, pleased no one: the bell was generally considered to have an inferior tone.

Again they tried, now adding a small amount of silver to improve the timbre. Although the new bell was no great improvement it was judged acceptable, and up to the belfry of the State House it went. One addition to the original had been made by the Philadelphia foundrymen: to the earlier inscription on the crown they appended their own names in raised letters of equal size: "PASS AND STOW/PHILADA./MDCCLIII."

On the second day of July, 1776, the Second Continental Congress, having voted in favor of Richard Henry Lee's resolution for independence, began discussing a draft of a declaration of independence prepared by Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Roger Sherman and Robert R. Livingston. After some modifications had been made to what was essentially Jefferson's handiwork, the document was

ordered authenticated. President John Hancock and Secretary Charles Thompson signed it on July 4. On July 8 the Declaration was finally read by John Nixon to the crowd in the yard of the State House, and the bell chimed out the news. Bells all over the city followed suit; the ringing continued all day and well into the night.

### **Silenced by British**

The State House bell was to fall on evil days soon afterward. In 1777, when the British Army threatened the rebel capital, the bell was taken down, loaded onto a wagon, and hauled over rough roads to Allentown, where it remained until the following year. (The Declaration of Independence was also removed from the building and taken to Baltimore, where members of Congress had fled; it was returned to Philadelphia about the same time the bell was restored, in time for its second anniversary.)

After the Constitutional Convention met in the State House in 1787, the historic moments of the building and its bell were over. Neglected and all but forgotten, the State House was almost torn down in 1816, and was saved only when the City of Philadelphia bought it and the square it occupied for \$70,000. Even then, few Americans paid much attention to the place; not until the aged Lafayette made a visit to the shrine in 1824 did the public memory awaken to the significance



of what had happened within those walls. About that time someone gave the name Independence Hall to the building. Even so, the bell was forgotten. In 1828 city officials offered it for sale as salvage, but there were no takers because it was considered too expensive to move it. Perhaps, as someone said, the bell had toppled off the wagon on its furtive journey to Allentown in 1777 and developed a tiny and fatal crack; perhaps it had suffered metal fatigue as a consequence of too many prolonged ringings. Whatever the cause, it cracked irremediably in 1835 when a group of overenthusiastic youths pulled too strenuously on the rope, creating a fissure that ruined the bell's tone. In 1846 the edges of

the crack were drilled away to prevent their rubbing together, but this effort at cosmetic surgery failed. When the bell was rung later that year to celebrate Washington's birthday, further damage resulted. The only sound left was a dull, unmusical clank.

Since then the bell has remained silent. Someone gave it a proper name in due time, but the bell's only mission has been an inspirational one, as when it was tapped with a mallet on the occasion of the Allied invasion of Normandy in 1944. Deprived of its original purpose, the old bell—known at last as the Liberty Bell—became instead an enduring symbol of the republic whose birth it signaled. □





## Transportation is

FORD MOTOR COMPANY is involved with transportation systems that have nothing to do with the internal combustion engine. Contradictory as it may sound, Ford scientists, engineers and transportation planners for years have been working on alternatives to the automobile as ways to move people in certain kinds of urban situations.

A question may be asked as to why a major automobile company should open itself up to this kind of contradiction. There are several answers. One is our recognition that the nature of many large American cities today is such that the basic need for people to get from one place to another within them can be met better by something other than

an automobile. Another is that while we are convinced that the vast majority of Americans will continue to choose the automobile as the preferred way to get around, we are also anxious to share in the market for new modes of travel. A third answer is that alternatives to the private car will provide a better urban environment in some cases—and a better environment is good for us and good for our customers as well as for other Americans.

Accordingly, Ford Motor Company has been considering, designing, and in some cases actually participating in the construction of transportation systems to meet special requirements.

Perhaps the most “futuristic” of

these is a magnetically suspended, experimental vehicle that flies over an aluminum guideway at potential speeds of up to 300 mph. Conceived as a possible inter-city rapid transit to supplement short airplane trips, it will be built and tested by Ford under a contract with the Federal Department of Transportation. Ford scientists and technicians have already begun work on the test system, which calls for building nearly a mile of guideway and an unmanned rocket-propelled vehicle carrying superconducting electro-magnets.

The test vehicle will move on quiet rubber-tired wheels at low

Based on proven automotive and electronic technology, the ACT system will feature driverless, rubber-tired vehicles powered by electricity and controlled by a computer. Scheduled to be in operation in late 1975, the system will include two vehicles that will cruise at 30 mph and carry an estimated three million passengers a year.

A system based on the same principle is being constructed by Ford at Bradley International Airport in Connecticut. It will connect the terminal with a 1,500-car parking lot three-quarters of a mile away. In this system there will be two 30-

## More Than Automobiles

speeds. At 50 mph, the vehicle will lift to a one-foot altitude and fly over the guideway. It will be propelled by staged rockets, but a linear induction motor, which is quiet and does not pollute along the right-of-way, is expected to be the preferred method of propulsion in a passenger-carrying vehicle.

Simultaneously, Ford Motor Company is designing and building an Automatically Controlled Transportation (ACT) System in a multi-million-dollar community development project under construction in Dearborn, Michigan. In the initial phase of development Ford's ACT system will link an 800-room Hyatt Regency Hotel with 160 stores in a nearby shopping mall.

passenger vehicles that will cruise at 30 mph and will move between stations in a shuttle fashion or be activated by button at each station.

Ford also has been selected to design and build an ACT system between El Paso, Texas, and Juarez, Mexico.

These systems and others that may be required in the future are part of Ford Motor Company's view of the total American transportation system. It is Ford's belief that the automobile, America's great achievement in moving people from one place to another, will continue to be central to our mobility but that a regard for environment and the quality of city life requires alternative approaches. □





# the iceman's



## *In Lewis, New York, anyway, where one man still cuts and stores ice in the old-fashioned way*

by Lionel A. Atwill

photos by Clyde H. Smith

**I**N MOST AMERICAN communities the iceman's gone, and that's a pity. For without him, the art of ice cutting has virtually disappeared.

Few of us can remember that burly man with the leather apron and needle-sharp tongs, and fewer still can recall the rooster tail of ice chips that sprayed forth from a well-honed ice saw or the smell of damp sawdust in an icehouse on a hot July afternoon.

The ice cutter kept us cool in the most literal sense of the word. Today his saws, pikes and tongs hang in antique stores or museums. Except in places such as Lewis, New York, a tiny town on the

# back in town

eastern edge of the rugged Adirondack wilderness, where Bob Sweatt still cuts ice the old way.

Sweatt started cutting ice in 1946 when it was a profitable business. With the help of five or six men, he would cut and store 10,000 cakes in one winter—cakes that weighed 250 pounds apiece and that sold during the hot summer months for a penny a pound. Even with a 40 percent loss from melting, a man could make a living at those quantities (that's 2½ million pounds of ice), but the refrigerator soon put an end to such cold capitalism.

In 1949 Sweatt abandoned his ice cutting business and turned to other pursuits, but he was determined that his ice cutting equipment wouldn't grow rusty. Each winter for the past 25 years he has spent one day cutting ice from a four-acre pond and hauling it to an icehouse where it sits, awaiting consumption at firemen's picnics and church bazaars.

Sweatt's son-in-law, Mike Pratt, is a partner in this ambitious

*Once the giant cubes are chisled apart, they are pushed to the edge of the pond and loaded onto waiting Model AA*



project, so hopefully the art will be perpetuated. From the first of January Pratt keeps his weekends free and his woolens at the ready, waiting the phone call that the ice is thick, the weather clear, and the saw sharp.

The workhorses of the day are a 1931 Model AA Ford truck



(that is Sweatt's everyday transportation) and a gigantic circular ice saw powered by a 1930 Model A Ford engine, the two of which have seen more ice than a convention of martini drinkers. When the ice on the pond becomes 18 inches thick and the temperature hovers between 20 degrees and zero (above 20 the ice is too wet







*Cakes are stored away for summer*

to handle, below zero it is too brittle), the old Model AA is hitched to a plow, and a thousand square feet of the pond are cleared of snow. It is important that no more snow is cleared off the pond than is absolutely necessary, for snow is a fine insulator, and without its protective covering the ice would freeze to excessive depths and the saw would be ineffective. With the help of three or four neighbors and an assortment of dogs and kids, 300 to 500 18-inch-square cakes can be cut and stored in one day.

Once the work area is cleared, Sweatt lays out two right-angle base lines which will guide the saw on its first cuts and insure that all of the cakes are square. The saw, which runs on wooden runners and is controlled by one man like a plow, is adjusted so that it will

cut to within one inch of the bottom of the ice, and the first cut is made down the edge of one of the base lines.

This exercise is repeated until parallel cuts are made across the entire field. The saw is then aligned on the second base line and a perpendicular series of cuts is made. The entire cutting area is finally a checkerboard of hundreds of 18-inch-square ice blocks all held together by a scant inch of ice—just enough to support a man, most of the time.

The heavy ice saw is carefully pushed to a safe area and a corner cake is broken off and pried out with massive ice chisels. Using hand ice saws (which resemble cross-cut saws), the men cut through the last inch of ice of the outside baseline and the next parallel cut, freeing the 30-odd-foot-long cake of ice scored every 18 inches. At the end of this channel, now plugged with a free floating ice block, stands the Model AA, ready to receive the first block. The massive cake is pushed to the end of the channel, and the first block is split off with an ice chisel, manhandled with short tongs out of the water, and to the accompaniment of curses and groans, swung onto the truck. The rest of the blocks are broken off one by one like pieces of a Hershey bar and loaded onto the truck until the entire channel is open.

And so it goes. Row after row of ice is split away with a chisel, pushed towards the truck with long pike poles, chipped apart, and loaded onto the truck.

With a load of 30 blocks—almost four tons—the truck heads to the icehouse, where two stout volunteers are waiting. The first row of ice is stacked within one foot of the double straw-filled walls, and each block is meticulously shaved with a finely whetted axe so that the cakes will fit snugly next to one another. A good icehouse man can easily get 20 percent more ice into the house with deft packing. To prevent the blocks from sticking, the men turn the cakes right side up so the wet bottoms are resting on a deep base of insulating sawdust and pack fresh snow between the blocks. When the first layer is in place, old sawdust is shoveled onto the cakes and a second layer started.

Late in the afternoon when the icehouse is full, a final layer of sawdust is shoveled over the top and around the sides of the ice, the double door is shut, the tools are put away, and the ice sits, slowly melting, until the middle of summer when it is called into service at fairs and barbecues, church suppers and firemen's picnics. □





## Give Year-Round Pleasure

**A** SURE WAY TO PLEASE drivers on your Christmas list this year is to give a car or pickup accessory as a gift. And if your friend happens to be an outdoor enthusiast, a recreation-oriented gift will be all the more welcome.

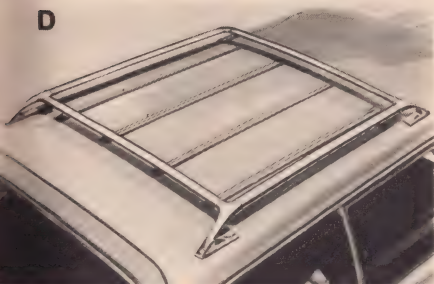
Pictured on these pages are selections from the many Ford car (or light truck) accessories available, plus some new outdoor fun items. Some of the gifts are available from your local Ford dealer, who has the price and full details. Descriptions

of the other items include the address of the manufacturer who will provide all the specifics.

**A. Treasure Hunter's Helper.** The Goldmaster 66-TR mineral/metal detector makes finding treasure a snap. Prospectors will like the light-weight five-pound, four ounce unit because it is powerful enough to detect a natural gold nugget the size of a kernel of corn and locate coins as small as a gold dollar (which is smaller than a dime). Comes with stereo-style headphones,



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## With A Car Accessory Gift

batteries and test samples. White's Electronics, Inc., 1012 Pleasant Valley Road, Sweet Home, Oregon 97386.

**B. Hood Ornament.** Add that distinctive styling touch to your car with a "fold-down" safety design hood ornament. With an attractive chrome-plated finish and colorful insert, this ornament fits Ford, Maverick, Torino, Pinto and light trucks.

**C. Aquabug.** This new ultra-light 11-pound outboard motor burns less gas than any outboard in the

world and runs up to 24 hours on one gallon, according to the manufacturer. Featuring an automatic rewind starter, heavy muffling and underwater exhaust, and a sliding shaft for shallow water running, the Aquabug is ideal for sailboats, dinks, canoes and fishing skiffs. Available from Aquabug International, Inc., P.O. Box 61, Lawrence, New York 11559. A perfect partner for Aquabug is Gloy's Pioneer IV inflatable boat. This handsome blue inflatable accommodates up to four people.



Gloy's Division of AMDIS Corporation, 899 Broadway, New York, New York 10003.

**D. Deluxe Luggage Rack.** Special deluxe bright chrome finished luggage rack is tailor made for the Pinto Station Wagon and adds extra luggage space for station wagon travel. Measures 32 x 40 inches.

**E. Recreation Table.** Multi-use traveling companion can be set up in the rear passenger area of a vehicle or taken out of the car at camping or picnic sites. The folding table has a checkerboard imprinted on its surface and comes with magnetized checkers. Handy cup-holder depressions convert board to a traveling snack tray. It locks into position in Ford wagons.

**F. Rear Step Bumper.** A convenient way to step into the camper or cover on your F-100 or F-200 Ford pickup. The bumper also has a built-in area in the center for mounting a trailer hitch.

**G. Handy Light.** Liqui-Light won't blow out, needs no batteries or outside energy source, and even works in rain or underwater. Small and lightweight, this six-inch plastic tube, which "turns on" by mixing two non-toxic chemicals, can be stored or carried in a glove box for two years without losing its effectiveness. Hughes Quality Products, 1605 Tredegar Avenue, Catonsville, Maryland 21228.

**H. Highway Tool and Safety Kit.** Ideal for minor maintenance on the road or at home, this kit includes

light bulbs, fuses, fire extinguisher, emergency flares, tire pressure gauge, heavy duty elastic cord for holding down a trunk lid, 12-volt trouble light, rust inhibitor, hand cleaner, polyethylene grease for use on metal surfaces, lock cylinder lubricant, eight-inch adjustable wrench and combination screwdrivers. Comes with instructions and hardware to secure the kit into the trunk of a car.

**I. Fuel Sentry—Vacuum Gauge.** This precision-made vacuum gauge can help save gasoline dollars by indicating when a car is getting the best gas mileage. The gauge is designed to read engine vacuum in the engine's intake manifold and the position of the needle translates how efficiently the engine is consuming gasoline. Available for Ford, Torino and light trucks.

**J. Trailcooker II.** This portable kitchen includes a two-burner propane gas stove, sink and even running water. It is lightweight and completely self-contained in a high-impact plastic carrying case which fits into a car trunk. Trailcooker II also has a 5-foot long food preparation area, a utility drawer and storage shelves. IHA, Incorporated, 51 Lake Street, P.O. Box 321, Nashua, New Hampshire 03060. ☐

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*(Editor's note: While we're happy to provide information on these products as a reader service, Ford Motor Company neither endorses the products nor backs up any claim made by the other manufacturers.)*

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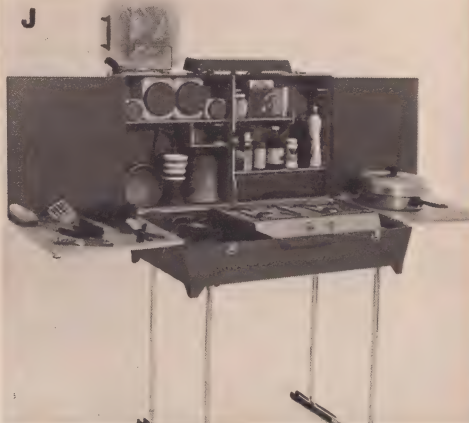


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## CLOISTER RESTAURANT BUFFALO, NEW YORK

The old mansion in which this restaurant is located was once the residence of Mark Twain and his bride, Olivia Langdon of Elmira. This friendly restaurant is filled to the rafters with marvelous antiques. There are three dining rooms and two lounges. Open every night for dinner. Closed Christmas day. Reservations advisable. The DiLapo family owns and manages this popular establishment which is located on the corner of Virginia Street at 472 Delaware Avenue in the downtown area of Buffalo.

## SAUTE PEPPER STEAK

### A LA CLOISTER

- 1 large Spanish onion, sliced thin*
- 4 medium size green peppers, sliced thin, lengthwise*
- 1 pound whole mushrooms, sliced thin*
- 3½ pounds tenderloin of beef, sliced about ¼-inch thick*
- 4 tablespoons oil*
- Salt, pepper and garlic, to taste*
- 8 ounces Madeira wine*
- 3-4 cups cooked rice or noodles*

Sauté vegetables in oil, until not too well done, then add meat, salt, pepper and minced garlic. Gently pour wine, stir lightly, simmer until cooked to taste. Serve over hot rice or noodles. Makes 6-8 portions.

# FAVORITE Recipes FROM FAMOUS RESTAURANTS by Nancy Kennedy

## THE GREENBRIAR FLORENCE, SOUTH CAROLINA

A charming 70-year-old residence was completely renovated and converted into this fine dining place located at 255 South Irby Street (intersection of U.S. Highways 301, 76 and 52) in the center of Florence. Dinner served every day except Sunday and Monday. Reservations requested.

### CREAMED BROCCOLI

- 1 10-ounce package frozen chopped broccoli*
- 1 cup sour cream*
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice*
- ¼ teaspoon crushed oregano leaves*

- ¼ cup melted butter*
- ¼ teaspoon salt*

Cook broccoli according to package directions and season with salt and pepper. Drain. Add remaining ingredients, mix thoroughly and serve hot. Makes 4 generous servings.

### GREENBRIAR SPECIAL SALAD DRESSING

Into a blender put the following: 1 pint mayonnaise, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 large onion, chopped, 1 large green pepper, seeded and chopped and ½ teaspoon salt. Blend for several minutes until all ingredients are homogenized. Serve on mixed greens or vegetable salads.



painting by George Samerjan ▲

painting by John Arvan ▼





painting by Susan Naughton

## SHIELD'S TRAVERSE CITY, MICHIGAN

Arne and Katie Shield are the owners, as well as the genial hosts, at this popular family restaurant in a 100-year-old building at 2900 Munson Avenue (U.S. Highway 31) in Traverse City. The menu is varied with special emphasis on fresh seafood. Shield's is famous for dessert carts which are rolled to diners' tables filled with a dazzling array of homemade pies, cakes and pastries. Open for lunch and dinner every day except December 24 and 25. Reservations advisable.

### BLACK FOREST TORTE

Place the following in a mixing bowl: 1¾ cups flour, 1¾ cups sugar, 1¼ teaspoons soda, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon baking powder, ⅔ cup chiffon-type soft

margarine (no substitutes), 4 ounces melted and cooled unsweetened chocolate, 1 teaspoon vanilla and 1¼ cups of water. Beat together at medium speed for 4-5 minutes. Add 3 whole eggs and beat for 2 minutes. Pour batter into 4 buttered 9-inch cake pans, bake in 350° oven for 15-18 minutes. Cool before filling. **CHOCOLATE FILLING:** Melt 6 ounces German's sweet chocolate, let cool. Blend in ¾ cup chiffon-type margarine and ½ cup chopped, toasted almonds. **CREAM FILLING:** Beat 2 cups whipping cream with 1 tablespoon sugar and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Beat until stiff. Spread first layer with half of chocolate filling, add the second layer and cover with half of the cream filling. Repeat, having cream filling on top. Chill cake until firm before serving. Makes 16-20 portions.

## GULLIVER'S IRVINE, CALIFORNIA

The 18th century world of Jonathan Swift is recreated here with the waitresses' costumes, antiques and hundreds of old *Gulliver's Travels* prints on the walls. Lunch is served Monday through Friday; dinner is served seven days a week. Reservations required. Take the MacArthur exit ramps from the San Diego Freeway and go a half block to 18482 MacArthur Boulevard. It is 30 miles south of Los Angeles.

### CORN AU GRATIN

Combine 1 pound of fresh or drained,

canned whole kernel corn with 12 ounces of whipping cream and bring to a boil. With a slotted spoon separate corn from the cream and return cream to fire. Make a paste from 1½ tablespoons of clear butter and 1½ tablespoons of flour combined, gradually add to cream to thicken. Simmer 5 minutes, then add 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons sugar and ½ teaspoon Accent. Return corn to cream and bring back to a boil over low heat. Transfer creamed corn to a casserole, sprinkle top with 3 tablespoons Parmesan cheese and dot the top with melted butter. Brown under the broiler. Serves 4.





# GLOVE COMPARTMENT

IN WHICH YOU  
FIND A LITTLE BIT  
OF EVERYTHING  
BUT GLOVES

**Nonstop History Reading**—Now travelers in Georgia can read those tantalizing roadside history markers without even slowing down. *Georgia Historical Markers* gives the full text of over 1,750 markers erected by the state's historical commission. And, for easy reading, the capsule history lessons are interspersed with 50 photos. Many of the state's famed white columned mansions are listed, including Barrington Hall on Atlanta's outskirts. This \$5.95 travel guide may be ordered from Bay Tree Grove Publishers, Box 669, Valdosta, Georgia 31601—Jean R. Routh.

**He's Number One**—There probably are a greater number of distinctive and eye-catching license plates per city block in New York than in any other town in the country. Hundreds of United Nations and Consular Corps officials, corporate executives and show business personalities drive through Gotham's busy streets every day, sporting prestige symbol license plates on long limousines and exotic sports cars. But a modest red four-door 1971 Ford Galaxie bears one of the most prestigious plates of all, "NYP-1." The car and plate belong to Alfred



E. Clark, a *New York Times* reporter for about 40 years. Al acquired the prized press plate some 15 years ago as a past president of the New York City Newspaper

Reporters Association. The Governor's office had authorized the issuance of a number of press plates so that newspaper, television and radio reporters would be passed through police and fire lines on the scene of fast-breaking stories. Through the years, license plate buffs have stopped Al to ask who he is, what his plate means and how they can get one like it. One of his favorite anecdotes involves former Governor Nelson Rockefeller. One day Al's Galaxie was parked next to the Governor's elongated limousine with its "1" plate. As the governor was ushered out of the state office building to his car, he called to Al, "That's a very impressive license plate on your Ford. How about trading plates and jobs for a day?" "No, thanks," Al replied, "I think I've got you beat both ways." □



Saturday morning—Betty and Louise march up my driveway, jewelry dangling from all sides of their necks and arms, and with what would have been smiles on their lips if it hadn't been for the bicycle locks in Betty's mouth and *Portnoy's Complaint* in

# ***Diary of a Garage Sale***

by Carol Mohr

illustrations by Marcus Hamilton





Louise's. Each is followed by a coterie of children and husbands with armloads of dishes, clothing and misc. We neatly lay out our goods on picnic benches, card tables, TV trays and typewriter stands.

*Saturday afternoon*—As we admire our layout, I observe that my kids don't have bicycle locks.

Betty mentions that the jello molds I've brought would look super on her kitchen wall. Not to mention the dried straw flowers, Delft tile and 1971 linen calendar with a picture of garlic bulbs. Louise notices that the Dr. Seuss books that Betty's and my kids had outgrown would do hers just fine. Betty and I discover some of Louise's wigs, which our girls would just have a ball with. We also admire Louise's mother-of-pearl necklace. Louise goes home with three armloads of books and her mother-of-pearl necklace. Betty leaves with a loaded wagon and blond and auburn wigs plopped on her head. I rearrange the merchandise, refold two unneeded card tables and carry four bag loads of trades into the house.

*Sunday morning*—We meet at the garage to await customers. I place our cage with seven new gerbils out in plain view with a sign: FREE BABY GERBILS.

The first two customers are neighbors, who, together, buy a dollar twenty-two worth of misc. and deposit forty-three dollars' worth of their own unneeded clothing and dishes for us to sell. Several other customers show a strong interest in my cut-glass salad bowl set. I bring the salad bowl set back in my kitchen.

*Sunday afternoon*—More customers come. Also, thieves and children.

*Sunday, 3:00*—No takers on the gerbils. I put up a new sign: BABY GERBILS, ONLY 49¢ EACH.

*Sunday, 5:01*—All the customers—and baby gerbils—are gone. Betty, Louise and I pack six boxes and 22 grocery bags of unsold items. Then we sit down to calculate our total sales figure, which is \$85.31. We are so impressed that we take our families to Alfredo's Pizza for dinner to celebrate. Our husbands toast us over a round of martinis.

*Monday morning*—We meet to drink coffee and to make the final reckoning:

Grand total .....	\$85.31
Minus neighbors' shares .....	35.27
	<u>\$50.04</u>
Minus cost of ad .....	10.00
Profit .....	<u>\$40.04</u>
Betty's share .....	\$13.42
Minus dinner and drinks at Alfredo's .....	7.40
Betty's total .....	<u>\$ 6.02</u>
Louise's share .....	\$19.01
Minus dinner and drinks at Alfredo's .....	8.71
Louise's total .....	<u>\$10.30</u>
My share .....	\$ 7.61
Minus dinner and drinks at Alfredo's .....	7.89
My total .....	I owe Louise \$ .28

*Monday afternoon*—The Salvation Army truck arrives.







## Letters

windmills, west of the Mississippi, are becoming scarce. I just want people who read your magazine to know that Wisconsin — America's Dairyland — has a lot of windmills that are still at work.

Hazel Dach  
Viroqua, Wisconsin

### For the Dogs

Dear Sirs: I loved your article in the August issue entitled *Aspen Loves Dogs, Dogs Love Aspen*. Being a dog lover (St. Bernards and sheepdogs are my favorites) I found it so amusing. If I ever get to take a trip — Aspen, Colorado, is the first place I'll go.

Marsha Gregorie  
Lake Linden, Michigan

### A Word for Wisconsin Windmills

Dear Sirs: I live on a Wisconsin farm and we have a windmill which we use for our household needs and to water our animals. In *The Disappearing Windmill* article in the August FORD TIMES the author tells how

### Good as Gold

Dear Sirs: Here are two snapshots which may be of interest. The older one was taken in 1923, our wedding year. For our honeymoon we drove our Ford to Niagara Falls. Needless to say the roads were very treacherous, but our dependable Ford took us there and brought us safely back. Last year we purchased a new Ford Galaxie and drove in comfort to the lovely golden wedding anniversary reception which our family and friends had for us. Incidentally, we purchased our car from Oliver Ford Sales, Inc., in Plymouth and have received very courteous treatment.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman H. Henker  
South Bend, Indiana



## The 1975 Thunderbird:

Could it be the best luxury car buy in America?

Owning a Thunderbird is something very, very special. Yet most of Thunderbird's "luxuries" actually come standard. Air conditioning, steel-belted whitewalls, and a whole lot more. Thunderbird 1975. Simply beautiful. And a beautiful buy.



1975 Thunderbird shown with optional Silver Luxury Group, Moonroof, convenience group, wire wheel covers and power antenna.



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